VOLUME LIV CHICAGO, JANUARY 19, 1905. NUMBER 21

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

The Unity of faith.

Kine are of divers colors, but they all milk the same;
Altar flowers are not alike, but worship in one flame;
Systems of faith may differ with every changing zone;
But God unchanging ever, remaineth God alone.

—From "Flowers of Song From Many Lands"—Frederic Rowland Marvin.

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"The Country Home"

By E. P. POWELL, $1.50 (Illustrated)

For Sale by UNITY PUBLISHING CO., 3939 Langley Ave., Chicago

"This book is dedicated to all those who, weary of the conventionalism and confinement of city life, believe that the birds sing and the brooks laugh and the trees grow and the flowers blossom for them; and that it is on the hillsides and along the valley slopes that they may find most of happiness, content and prosperity."

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LIV. THURSDAY, JANUARY 19 1905. NUMBER 21

The good I will meet with goodness; the not good I will meet with goodness also; the faithful I will meet with faith; the unfaithful I will meet with faith also. Overcome the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth.

Lao Tze.

There seems to be something very bad going on in the Congo State in Africa. Many leading citizens throughout the United States are petitioning congress to help institute an inquiry into the same. No corner of this world is now so remote that its interests are not closely related to the interests of all the rest of the world. Barbarism anywhere makes for barbarism everywhere.

A pretty little souvenir entitled "Freedom and Fraternity,' containing extracts from the utterances of the Rev. W. D. Simonds of Seattle, lies before us. Under the head of "War" we find such pregnant sentences as these:

"War is always either a calamity or a crime—usually both."

"Many regard war as a necessary condition of human progress. It may have been in the past; it certainly is not now. The age of bullets is over. The age of ideas has come."

"In an absolute monarchy, war may be one man's whim; in a limited monarchy, the will of a few. In a republic, civil war means that the majority of the people have been false to truth and justice."

"If we forget the principles of the Declaration of Independence, if we forget the principles upon which our government is founded, we shall learn to curse our victories very soon."

Following the humane examples of Ohio, Nebraska, Iowa and other states, an effort is being made to induce the legislature of Illinois this winter to prohibit the brutal and brutalizing practice of live bird trap shooting. We trust that our legislature this winter will have a little time left to attend to such humane and humanizing legislations as these. It hardly seems necessary at this day to insist that such cruel sport is unsportsmanlike. C. L. Harecourt, of Chestnut, Ill., is actively promoting such a legislation. We wish many of our readers in Illinois would send to him a word of encouragement, and when the time comes would labor with their representatives to the end that this demoralizing sport may be more speedily relegated to the realm of the obsolete cruelties.

Edwin D. Mead, who with his good wife is sojourning for a few days in Chicago, is a man of great facility. He is the right hand of the Old South historical work in Boston. The success of the recent peace congress owes much to him. He was an active leader in the Emerson centennial, and now he appears as the timely champion of the approaching fourth centennial of the birth of John Calvin, which is to occur in 1909. This is no new departure of our friend Mead. Though far removed from the theological tenets of John Calvin, he has been insistent in season and out of season for several years in his advocacy of John Calvin's claim to respect as one of the prophets of liberty. If the Unitarians of New England want to justify their catholicity, let them lead in a quadri-centennial celebration of John Calvin, as the Calvinists have already taken the initiative in erecting a suitable monument at Geneva to the memory of Michael Servetus to whose burning Calvin consented on account of his Unitarian proclivities.

With the beginning of the new year the *Woman's Journal* has reduced its price from $2.50 to $1.50 per year and has reduced its size to a four-page sheet. We are sorry to find that our valuable exchange, now in its thirty-sixth volume, is suffering the common perplexities of every newspaper with a cause. It is an open secret among journalists that the old source of revenue from the advertising columns has almost wholly ceased to such journals. It is equally well understood that the subscription list is always inadequate to sustain such a journal. There remains, then, but the grim destiny of starvation and death or the adequate backing by endowment or other subsidy on the part of those who believe in the cause, who need such an instrument. It is strange that while millions of dollars are given annually to sustain the human voice in its advocacy of high causes, there is such reluctance to regard as legitimate any claim for such support on the part of those agencies that multiply a thousand times the reach of that voice. The printing press is the larger pulpit and its advocacy is worthy of support if the cause be worthy. The *Woman's Journal* has a cause. It deserves support.

However urgent the need, however dignified and progressive the course, however able the teachers, however devoted and laborious the intellectual and spiritual leadership of the minister, the Sunday School is still the object of suspicion or at least the object of criminal neglect on the part of men and women who otherwise are alive to the value of the educational forces that are within reach of themselves and their children. Mothers who are careful, as to who will teach their children dancing are careless as to who may teach them religion and morals. Parents who are scrupulous about meeting all other engagements are criminally careless about this most tender and valuable relation. Mr. Martin of the Society of Universal Religion at Seattle, has distributed a little leaflet among his parishioners, entitled, "Five

ways in which to help the school of moral education and religion." The suggestions are as valuable in one place as another. Here they are:

1. As a teacher; 2. As a substitute teacher. 3. As a missionary. "Do you not know of some child or children attending no such school? or perhaps you have children of your own who ought to be in such a school." 4. As a cntributor. "The larger our treasury, the more scope for our work. Why not enroll as an annual contributor? 5. As a member of the adult class.

Tomorrow is the title of the new monthly which bears on its cover the face of its editor, Oscar L. Triggs. We do not wish to add to Mr. Triggs' burden by increasing the publicity that has made the notoriety which he deserves, notorious, which he does not deserve. We believe that Professor Triggs is a man with a message; we think that he is not an unworthy representative of the "cranks" which deserve Frances Willard's high compliment when she said that they were "what makes the world go round." Both the title and the make-up and matter suggest innovations. We like it none the less because there is about it a strong suggestion of amateur journalism; it is all the more likely to strike new material that will help to break new ground. This first number contains contributions from Clarence S. Darrow, Charlotte Teller, Charles E. Russell, William Jennings Bryan, James H. Ferriss, National Chairman of the people's party, and William Mailly, Secretary of the National Socialist party. While the editor discusses the "Changing Order," to help along which is the object of *Tomorrow*, "Office Boy" furnishes a "Delicatessen" Department, which shows that *Tomorrow* is to have time for laughter. If the following, handed us by a rhyming friend of Triggs, or *Tomorrow* and of UNITY should be lacking in dignity, a part of the responsibility rests with this aforesaid "Office Boy" who has set a reckless example. So without apologizing to the serious intention of our associate, who was a member of the UNITY staff before he assumed senior control of *Tomorrow*, we welcome to our exchange table this new venture with a Here's to *Tomorrow!* and,

O Oscar L 's the wondrous man
Who wills his will, and cans his can,
And most industriously digs
Into the deeper depths of Triggs.
O may be never have to borrow
Today the troubles of tomorrow;
And may tomorrow day by day
The bills of Triggs & Co. defray!

Chicago's Charity Ball.

Chicago has had a charity ball which, according to the papers, has proved an unparalleled success. The morning after the ball thirty-two thousand dollars was promised as the net gain which is to be distributed among a dozen or more of the leading charities of the city by an anonymous committee. Subsequent reports, as might be expected, reduced the aggregate. It now looks as though eighteen or twenty thousand will represent the "charity" end of it. To realize this profit some nine or ten thousand dollars were expended in bringing out the affair. Tickets of admission were ten dollars each; the boxes brought eighteen thousand dollars or more. One of our leading newspapers estimated that the women had expended one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in costumes and that the masculine expenses of wardrobes, carriages, etc., would represent eight or nine thousand dollars. There was a *Cafe Chantant* where two-dollar sandwiches and other things in proportion were disposed of; where twenty-dollar bills passed over the counters and "no change expected;" there was a raffle for a pearl necklace that netted three thousand dollars. There was a "March of Nations" in which royalty and peasantry moved in gay procession. There was a May-pole dance of intricate involutions and gorgeous dress. There was entrancing music, and there was "the beauty and the chivalry of Chicago." The great daily papers next day offered full page illustrations of the enchanting scenes, and a large number of Chicago's leading ladies appeared in their ball costumes. Column after column set forth in technical terms the details of the gowns and the gems that were exhibited in the boxes and in the merry dance.

Perhaps all this is justified on the score that "beauty is its own excuse for being" and that it is well that "ladies should learn to work together for common causes," and that "the strenuous life of Chicago needs to unbend" on the principle that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Perhaps all this justifies the long preparation, the much study, the slighting or altogether evading other engagements and neglecting the more prosaic and persistent duties and privileges of life, the fatigue of an all night revelry with its consequent reaction of weariness and sickness.

We at least are anxious to affirm our belief in the utility of the beautiful, the innocence of the dance, the inspiration of music, and the economy of social amenities.

But if the charity ball is to be justified, let it be on these lines rather than upon two vicious assumptions which always give consolation to the conscience and which this week in Chicago have been too much exploited by the current press and private conversation.

The first claim is that this great expenditure is justified on the score of the object. The twenty thousand dollars will do much good, but if hospitals, orphanages and schools were the object, was there no way by which a larger part of the one hundred and forty thousand dollars and more, that did not go to the hospitals (assuming for argument's sake that the above accounting is approximately correct) might have been diverted in these directions? Perhaps this expenditure is justified for its own sake, if so let who made the investment justify it on its own grounds rather than seek shelter behind the

thin mask of charity. Perhaps no one went to the ball who could not afford to, but it embittered the week to thousands of weak women, young girls, and ambitious fathers, husbands and brothers, because they could not afford to be in the "swim" or to permit their loved ones to partake of the exquisite pleasure. Admitting that these things are all beautiful and innocent in themselves, has the time come when they can be enjoyed by the thoughtful until some other things more necessary are better provided for? Was the perspective of life's needs guarded by the charity ball? We suspect many pastors in Chicago refrained from reading the list of those in attendance and of the costly dress they wore lest they might stumble upon the names of some of their parishioners who for economy's sake give less for a year's privilege of church and Sunday school for themselves and their children than this one night's gaiety cost.

If the charity ball is justified as a contribution to art, to the beautiful, let those who thus justify it reckon with Ruskin who claimed that "good art could only spring out of right living," and said of the new Keble Chapel at Oxford, "If it is beautiful, it ought not to be; we do not deserve it yet; the clergy ought now to be in the wilderness with St. John the Baptist. When they have converted England it will be time to think whether we may have any beautiful things again. It is no time for art while our filthy cities cry to heaven against us."

The other fallacy always revived at times of lavish social expenditure and personal display is that it "put money into circulation; gave work to the needy; encouraged trade, and trade is good for the poor." This is one of the most subtle, dangerous, as it is one of the most persistent and plausible fallacy of frivolity and selfishness. Though answered over and over again by economist and moralist, it still does duty, not only in newspaper columns but in the consciences of thousands of good men and women. Did the haughty Medici wisely invest in art, no matter how liberally he paid for it, when according to the story, he caused young Angelo to shape for his diversion a statue in snow? Is life to be invested only for that which will buy bread and butter? Has human energy and skill, however mean, no relation to public weal and permanent forces, so that he who buys can use and waste as he will?

We have already quoted from Ruskin; it seems timely to print in another column a great passage from Ruskin on this subject, which we find quoted by Canon Scott Holland in the little volume containing Ruskin's letters to the Gladstone ladies. Canon Holland tells of how the Oxford lecturer went down to Manchester in 1857 to talk on pictures and picture galleries, but to the surprise of his hearers they found him dealing with the well worn economic fallacy that "luxury gives beneficial employment to the poor." "The fallacy was never more forcibly exposed, and the argument still haunts the thievish corners of those streets." (See page 327.)

We do not condemn the ball; we only ask those who justify it to justify it on its own merits. As a contribution to the social, spiritual, intellectual, ethical and physical life of Chicago, was it justified? As a charity it was wasteful and disappointing; as an industry it was ill-advised, non-productive.

The Growth of a Liberal Church.

We have it as one of the surest results of biological science that the highest organisms, those forms of life that come as the crown and finish of all that has gone before, are the latest to arrive, and require the fullest preparation for their coming. Thus man, the summit of the animal creation, could not appear until the long, toilsome climb had been made by animate matter from the simple cell to the highest complexity of brain and nerve structure of which life on this planet seems capable. The process is the same with the higher types of man himself. These, in any numbers, are late in coming on the scene; and the higher the type the longer, in general, is the preparation that must be made for its advent. Jesus could never have been the mighty soul he was but for the long patient ages of Jewish prophecy and hope on which he builded. Shakespeare was heir to centuries of dramatic life and its literary expression in England. Darwin came only at the end of a long line of exact investigators of nature.

This law holds good as well of the growth of institutions, and among others, of the church. The church in the early ages, however much we must revere it for the boundless debt we owe it, was crude in form and cruder yet in spirit. This general truth will stand in spite of the refined and noble characters that have now and again appeared in it down the ages. And crude forms of the church survive around us now, forms suited to the primitive streaks in humanity that have never felt the touch of a higher spirit. It was a great shock, on once leaving a Roman Catholic church, where an English historical scholar had just delivered a lecture that was thoroughly modern in tone and scientific in method, when, as we passed out, a man in the crowd dipped his hand in the vessel of holy water by the door and crossed himself with it. Instantly one was transported back over thousands of years, from the present-day attitude of the lecturer to one of the earliest religious practices of which there is record, —the reverence for certain sacred waters as able to confer benefit upon the soul. Now it cannot be said that piety of this prehistoric sort which still survives is less worthy in those who find in it an expression of their souls' need than that of the liberal church in which it is superseded. But the fact remains that numbers of men and women have outgrown it, and forever. This growth, however, is the result of long ages of preparation, in which first one and then another form, and one and then another authoritative doctrine has been stripped from the life of religion, so that its pure spirit might work unhindered at its tasks.

Of course not every form can be forsaken. Even so untrammeled a mind as that of Emerson held strongly to two—"the Sabbath, the jubilee of the whole world, whose light dawns welcome alike into the closet of the philosopher, into the garret of toil, and into the prison-cell, and everywhere suggests, even to the vile, the dignity of spiritual being;" and "the institution of preaching,—the speech of man to men—essentially the most flexible of all organs, of all forms." In liberal churches still others are preserved,—the hymns, the readings, the prayer. But such ritual as these churches keep is simply the natural clothing of their spirit, free to change as that spirit grows. It is the same with doctrine; it is moulded to their present thought, and free to advance with that into ever more full and fit expression.

The slowness of doctrinal advance in many of the churches is less to be wondered at when we see how carefully all such advance is guarded against in the creeds. Yet the world does move, and the signs of a liberalizing of thought in the more conservative churches are now too many to be longer ignored. Where the pressure against newer forms of belief is so great as it is in the creed-bound sects, it takes uncommon courage and independence of spirit to make the break from the old to the new. Plausible reasons enough can be urged why church-members, and even ministers, whose beliefs have changed should keep to the old associations. To go out is hard, how hard only those who have been through it can fully know. But it is the way to freedom and to growth. It is the way to a liberal church, in which the old superstitions shall be wholly cast off, the old confining doctrines definitely rejected, and the new quest of the soul for a worship in spirit and in truth begun.

The coming liberal church, it is apparent, will be the product of conditions that mostly lie beyond the power of the existing liberal churches to create. As in every formative movement, we partly choose our way, but much more we are floated onward by currents mightier than we are able to control. This conclusion ought to keep us patient with the apparent slowness with which the liberal church puts on its strength. It is stronger than we know, for it holds the key to the future; and many a man of unimpeached orthodoxy in a conservative pulpit or pew yearns to feel the enlargement of its freedom. Liberalism is ever a movement, more than an organization. It is a hidden flame of life in even the most ancient of churches, burning steadily in private hearts, and waiting its own time to come forth and light up the world.

The conditions on which the liberal church depends are really the conditions of a higher civilization than has yet been reached, except by favored individuals. In morals and religion, most of us are still the products of an earlier age than the present. We live and work and worship by inherited instinct or by an accepted standard of tradition. The business of bringing our daily lives into harmony with our higher reason and conscience, we have barely begun. If this is true of those who are conscious of their liberalism, and proud of it, much more is it true of the community in general, by which now I mean these entire United States of America. Within this nation, as anyone who reads his daily paper must see, there lurk elements of sensuality, of barbarous ferocity, of uncontrolled license, which perpetuate all the old immoralities under new and hideous forms. The problem sometimes seems to be, not whether liberal religion will triumph in this country, but whether any religion at all can survive here. We can only wait and work as best we may toward the sure but distant outcome.

Suggestive in this connection are some expressions of George Ripley, the friend of Emerson and Channing and the founder of Brook Farm, found in a letter written in 1866 to his sister, who was then living at Madison, Wis. He says, "I have little faith in any attempts to promote Liberal Christianity in the west. Nearly thirty years ago I went over the whole ground, and from personal observation from Albany to Chicago became satisfied that during the present age the prospects of religious progress in that quarter would not be brilliant. The people are too secular, too little inclined to study and reflection, too much absorbed in business and politics, to appreciate the serene and beautiful spirit of pure Christianity." His sister, having lived in the west, evidently demurred at some of this, for he admits in a later letter that "no doubt great changes have taken place since I was there."

It may seem absurd to apply to the immensely expanded west of today the views of a man who made a journey from Albany to Chicago in 1836. Nevertheless there is a grain of truth in his judgment, which is of wider application than any merely sectional, and which we need to sift from its chaff. It is that the liberal church will never grow to its best estate on a soil where popular ignorance, sectarian prejudice, gross materialism and indifference to the higher things of the spirit are rife. These are the tares that everywhere, east and west and north and south, choke and hinder the growing wheat of a purer gospel.

None the less will that gospel grow, and at length prevail. Brave and outreaching minds are drawn by the nobler forms of thought, and each then becomes the center of an influence whose circumference no man can measure. We advance as fast as we ought to expect, in face of the enormous difficulties in the situation, and of the ingrained obstacles in human nature itself. The spirit of reverence for truth, of love of goodness, of the glad, daily service of God and man we possess as our priceless heritage from our fathers in the faith. By these things let us stand! They are indeed our standard, around which we group ourselves as belonging to the liberal church, and around which, in a vision of the remote future, we can see grouped the whole of a purified and glorified humanity.

R. W. B.

The Ridiculous Optimist.

There was a man who smiled
  Because the day was bright;
  Because he slept at night;
  Because God gave him sight
To gaze upon his child!
  Because his little one
  Could leap and laugh and run;
  Because the distant sun
Smiled on the earth, he smiled.

He toiled and still was glad
  Because the air was free;
  Because he loved, and she
  That claimed his love, and he
Shared all the joys they had!
  Because the grasses grew,
  Because the sweet wind blew;
  Because that he could hew
And hammer he was glad.

Because he lived he smiled,
  And did not look ahead
  With bitterness or dread,
  But nightly sought his bed
As calmly as a child.
  And people called him mad
  For being always glad
  With such things as he had,
And shook their heads and smiled.

—*S. E. Kiser.*

Does Luxury Give Beneficial Employment to the Poor?

"Granted, that whenever we spend money for whatever purpose, we set people to work; and passing by, for the moment, the question whether the work we set them to is all equally healthy and good for them, we will assume that whenever we spend a guinea we provide an equal number of people with healthy maintenance for a given time. But, by the way in which we spend it, we entirely direct the labour of those people during that given time. We become their masters or mistresses, and we compel them to produce, within a certain period, a certain article. Now, that article may be a useful and lasting one, or it may be a useless and perishable one—it may be one useful to the whole community, or useful only to ourselves. And our selfishness and folly, or our virtue and prudence, are shown, not by our spending money, but by our spending it for the wrong or the right thing; and we are wise and kind, not in maintaining a certain number of people for a given period, but only in requiring them to produce, during that period, the kind of things which shall be useful to society, instead of those which are only useful to ourselves.

"Thus, for instance, if you are a young lady, and employ a certain number of sempstresses for a given time, in making a given number of simple and serviceable dresses—suppose seven—of which you can wear one yourself for half the winter, and give six away to poor girls who have none, you are spending your money unselfishly. But if you employ the same number of sempstresses for the same number of days in making four, or five, or six beautiful flounces for your own ball-dress—flounces which will clothe no one but yourself, and which you will yourself be unable to wear at more than one ball—you are employing your money selfishly. You have maintained, indeed, in each case the same number of people, but in one case you have directed their labor to the service of the community; in the other case you have consumed it wholly upon yourself. I don't say you are never to do so; I don't say you ought not sometimes to think of yourselves only, and to make yourselves as pretty as you can, only do not confuse coquettishness with benevolence, nor cheat yourselves into thinking that all the finery you can wear is so much put into the hungry mouths beneath you: it is not so; it is what you yourselves, whether you will or no, must sometimes instinctively feel it to be—it is what those who stand shivering in the streets, forming a line to watch you as you step out of your carriages, *know* it to be; those fine dresses do not mean that so much has been put into their mouths, but that so much has been taken out of their mouths. The real politico-economical signification of every one of those beautiful toilettes is just this—that you have had a certain number of people put for a certain number of days wholly under your authority by the sternest of slave-masters—hunger and cold; and you have said to them, 'I will feed you, indeed, and clothe you, and give you fuel for so many days; but during those days you shall work for me only; your little brothers need clothes, but you shall make none for them; your sick friend needs clothes, but you shall make none for her; you yourself will soon need another and a warmer dress, but you shall make none for yourself. You shall make nothing but lace and roses for me; for this fortnight to come you shall work at the patterns and petals and then I will crush and consume them away in an hour.'

"And it would be strange if at any great assembly which, while it dazzled the young and thoughtless, beguiled the gentler hearts that beat beneath the embroidery, with a placid sensation of luxurious benevolence—as if by all that they wore in waywardness of beauty, comfort had first been given to the distressed, and aid to the indigent; it would be strange, I say, if for a moment the spirits of Truth and of Terror, which walk invisibly among the masques of the earth, would lift the dimness from our erring thoughts, and show us how—inasmuch as the sums exhausted for that magnificence would have given back the failing breath to many an unsheltered outcast on moor and street—they who wear it have literally entered into partnership with Death, and dressed themselves in his spoils. Yes, if the veil could be lifted not only from your thoughts, but from your human sight, you would see—the angels do see—on those gay white dresses of yours, strange dark spots, and crimson patterns that you knew not of—spots of the inextinguishable red that all the seas cannot wash away; yes, and among the pleasant flowers that crown your fair heads, and glow on your wreathed hair, you would see that one weed was always twisted which no one thought of—the grass that grows on graves."

John Ruskin in "A Joy For Ever," and Letters to M. G. and H. G., by John Ruskin. Pages 142-149.

The New Year.

A miracle touched me at twelve, for behold I saw
  The New Year rise as a young god rises in might.
No child was he with hesitant, timid feet,
  But a grown joy, wrapped in the raiment of pure delight.

And his eyes, most gracious and tender, were bent on mine;
  In his hands he caught my hands, while clarion clear
His golden, rapturous, confident tones rang forth:
  "Comrade, hail! For I am the New, New Year.

"Comrade, hail! The pulse of the world's astir
  Under the snow, and the ancient doubts are dead.
Freedom, achievement wait for us. Come, be glad!"
  I listened, I looked, and faith to my hope was wed.

His kingly courage told me the beautiful truth;
  He is mine, and his strength infuses my rescued will.
Up, faint heart! We will conquer together, my Year;
  Life and love shall their old sweet promise fulfill.

—*Clinton Dangerfield in the January Century.*

THE PULPIT.

Recent Immigration: a Field Neglected by the Scholar.

A Convocation Address Delivered Before the University of Chicago, December 20, 1904.

By Jane Addams, Head Resident of Hull-House, Chicago.

It is, perhaps, well to rid myself at once of some of the implications of this rather overwhelming title by stating that it is not the purpose of this short address to enter into a discussion concerning the restriction or non-restriction of immigration, nor to attempt to analyze those astounding figures annually published from Ellis Island; neither do I wish to charge the scholar with having neglected to collect information as to the extent and growth of immigration in the United States, nor in failing to furnish statistical material as fully perhaps as the shifting character of the subject permits. Such formal studies as we have on the annual colonies of immigrants in American cities, and of the effect of immigration in districts similar to anthracite coal regions, have been furnished by university men; indeed, almost the only accurate study into the nationalities and locations of the immigrants in Chicago has been made by a member of this university.

But in confining the subject to a scrutiny of the oft-repeated statement that we as a nation are rapidly reaching the limit of our powers of assimilation, that we receive further masses of immigrants at the risk of blurring those traits and characteristics which we are pleased to call American, with its corollary that the national standard of living is in danger of permanent debasement, a certain further demand may legitimately be made upon the scholar. I hope to be able to sustain the contention that such danger as exists arises from intellectual dearth and apathy; that we are testing our national life by a tradition too provincial and limited to meet its present motley and cosmopolitan character; that we lack mental energy, adequate knowledge, and a sense of the youth of the earth. The constant cry that American institutions are in danger betrays a spiritual waste, not due to our infidelity to national ideals, but arising from the fact that we fail to enlarge those in accord with our faithful experience of life; and that our political machinery, devised for quite other conditions, has not been readjusted and adapted to the successive changes resulting from our industrial development. The clamor for the town meeting, for the colonial and early century ideals of government is in itself significant, for we know out of our personal experience that we quote the convictions and achievements of the past as an excuse for our inaction in moments when the current of life runs low; that one of the dangers of life, one of its veritable moral pits, consists in the temptation to remain constant to a truth when we no longer wholly believe it, when its implications are not justified by our latest information. If the immigration situation contain the elements of an intellectual crisis, then to let the scholar off with the mere collecting of knowledge, or yet with its transmission, or indeed to call his account closed with that still higher function of research, would be to throw away one of our most valuable assets.

In a sense the enormous and unprecedented moving about over the face of the earth on the part of all nations, is in itself the result of philosophic dogma, of the creed of individual liberty. The modern system of industry and commerce presupposes freedom of occupation, of travel, and residence; even more, it unhappily rests in a large measure upon the assumption of a body of the unemployed and the unskilled, ready to be absorbed or dropped according to the demands of production: but back of that, or certainly preceding its later developments, lies "the natural rights" doctrine of the eighteenth century. Even so late as 1892 an official treaty of the United States referred to the "inalienable rights of man to change his residence and religion." This dogma of the schoolmen, dramatized in France and penetrating under a thousand forms into the most backward European states, is still operating as an obscure force in sending emigrants to America, and in our receiving them here. But in the second century of its existence it has become too barren and chilly to induce any really zealous or beneficent activity on behalf of the immigrants after they arrive, and those things which we do believe—such convictions as we have, and which might be formulated to the immeasurable benefit of the immigrants, and to the everlasting good of our national life—have not yet been apprehended by the scholar in relation to this field. They have furnished us with no method by which to discover men, to spiritualize, to understand, to hold intercourse with aliens and to receive of what they bring. A century-old abstraction breaks down before this vigorous test of concrete cases, the Italian lazzaroni, the peasants from the Carpathian foothills, and the proscribed traders from Galatia. We have no national ideality founded upon realism and tested by our growing experience, but only the platitudes of our crudest youth with which to meet the situation. The philosophers and statesmen of the eighteenth century believed that the universal franchise would cure all ills; that fraternity and equality rested only upon constitutional rights and privileges. The first political document of America opens with this philosophy and upon it the founders of a new state ventured their fortunes. We still keep to this formalization because the philosophers of this generation give us nothing newer, ignoring the fact that world-wide problems are no longer abstractly political, but politico-industrial. If we could frankly face the proposition that the whole situation is more industrial than political, then we should realize that the officers of the government who are dealing with naturalization papers and testing the knowledge of the immigrants concerning the constitution of the United States, are only playing with counters representing the beliefs of a century ago, while the real issues are being settled by the great industrial and commercial interests which are at once the product and the masters of our contemporary life. As children who are allowed to amuse themselves with poker chips pay no attention to the real game which their elders play with genuine cards in their hands, so we shut our eyes to the exploitation and industrial debasement of the immigrant, and say with placid contentment that he has been given the rights of an American citizen, and that, therefore, all our obligations have been fulfilled. It is as if we should undertake to cure our current political corruption which is founded upon a disregard of the interstate commerce acts by requiring the recreant citizen to repeat the constitution of the United States.

As yet no vigorous effort is made to discover how far our present system of naturalization, largely resting upon laws enacted in 1802, is inadequate, although it may have met the requirements of "the fathers." These processes were devised to test new citizens who had immigrated to the United States from political rather than from economic pressure,

although these two have always been in a certain sense coextensive. Yet the early Irish came to America to seek an opportunity for self-government denied them at home, the Germans and Italians started to come in largest numbers after the absorption of their smaller states into the larger nations, and the immigrants from Russia are the conquered Poles, Lithunians, Finns and Jews. On some such obscure notion the processes of naturalization were worked out, and with a certain degree of logic these first immigrants were presented with the constitution of the United States as a type and epitome of that which they had come to seek. So far as they now come in serach of political liberty, as many of them do every day, the test is still valid; but in the meantime we cannot ignore those significant figures which show immigration to rise with periods of depression in given countries, and immigration to be checked by periods of depression in America, and we refuse to see how largely the question has become an economic one. At the present moment, as we know, the actual importing of immigrants is left largely to the energy of steamship companies and to those agents for contract labor who are keen enough to avoid the restrictive laws. The business man here is again in the saddle as he is so largely in American affairs. From the time that they first make the acquaintance of the steamship agent in their own villages, at least until a grandchild is born on the new soil, the immigrants are subjected to various processes of exploitation from purely commercial and self-seeking interests. It begins with the representatives of the trans-Atlantic lines and their allies, who convert the peasant holdings into money, and provide the prospective emigrants with needless supplies. The brokers in manufactured passports send their clients by successive stages for a thousand miles to a port suiting their purposes. On the way the emigrants' eyes are treated that they may pass the physical test; they are taught to read sufficiently well to meet the literacy test; they are lent money enough to escape the pauper test; and by the time they have reached America they are so hopelessly in debt that it takes them months to work out all they have received, during which time they are completely under the control of the last broker in the line, who has his dingy office in an American city. The exploitation continues under the employment agency whose operations verge into those of the politician, through the naturalization henchman, the petty lawyers who foment their quarrels and grievances by the statement that in a free country every body "goes to law," by the liquor dealers who stimulate a lively trade among them, and finally by the lodging-house keepers and the landlords who are not obliged to give them the housing which the American tenant demands. It is a long dreary road and the immigrant is successfully exploited at each turn. At moments one looking on is driven to quote the Titanic plaint of Walt Whitman:

"As I stand aloof and look there is to me something profoundly affecting in large masses of men following the lead of those who do not believe in men."

The sinister aspect of this exploitation lies in the fact that it is carried on by agents whose stock in trade are the counters and terms of citizenship. It is said that at the present moment there are more of these agents in Palermo than perhaps in any other European port, and that those politicians who have found it impossible to stay even in that corrupt city are engaged in the brokerage of naturalization papers in the United States, that certainly one effect of the stringent contract-labor laws has been to make the padrones more powerful because "smuggled alien labor" has become more valuable to American corporations, and also to make simpler the delivery of immigrant votes according to the dictates of commercial interests. It becomes a veritable system of poisoning the notions of decent government because the entire process is carried on in political terms—our childish red, white, and blue poker chips again! More elaborate avoidance of restrictive legislation quickly adapts itself to changes either in legislation here or at the points of departure; for instance, a new type of broker in Russia at the present moment is making use of the war in the interests of young Russian Jews. If one of these young men should leave the country ordinarily, his family would be obliged to pay three hundred rubles to the government, but if he first joins the army his family is free from this obligation, for he has passed into the keeping of his sergeant. Out of four hundred Russian Jews who three months ago were drafted into the army at a given recruiting station, only ten reported, the rest having escaped through emigration. Of course the entire undertaking is much more hazardous because the man is a deserter from the army in addition to his other disabilities; but the brokers merely put up the price of their services and continue their undertakings. Do we ignore the one million false naturalization papers in the United States issued and concealed by commercial politics, in the interests of our uneasy knowledge that commercial and governmental powers are curiously allied, although we profess that the latter has no connection with the former and no control over it? The man who really knows immigrants and undertakes to naturalize them makes no pretence of the lack of connection between the two. The petty and often corrupt politician who is first kind to them realizes perfectly well that the force pushing them here has been industrial need and that its recognition is legitimate. He follows the natural course of events when he promises to get the immigrant "a job," for that is certainly what he most needs in all the world. If the politician nearest to him were really interested in the immigrant and should work out a scheme of naturalization fitted to the situation, he would go on from the street-cleaning and sewer-digging in which the immigrant first engages, to an understanding of the relation of these simple offices to city government, to the obligation of his alderman to secure cleanliness for the streets in which his children play and for the tenement in which he lives. The notion of representative government could be made quite clear and concerete to him. He could demand his rights and use his vote in order to secure them. His very naive demands might easily become a restraint, a purifying check upon the alderman, instead of a source of constant corruption and exploitation. But when the politician attempts to naturalize the bewildered immigrant, he must perforce accept the doctrinaire standard imposed by men who held a theory totally unattached to experience, and he must therefore begin with the remote constitution of the United States. At the Cook County courthouse only a few weeks ago a candidate for naturalization, who was asked the usual question as to what the constitution of the United States was, replied: "The Illinois Central." His mind naturally turned to his work, to the one bit of contribution he had genuinely made to the new country, and his reply might well offer a valuable suggestion to the student of educational method. The School of Edu-

cation of this University makes industrial construction and evolution a natural basis for all future acquisition of knowledge and claims that any thing less vital and creative is inadequate.

It is surprising how a simple experience, if it be but genuine, affords an opening into citizenship altogether lacking to the more grandiose attempts. A Greek-American who slaughters sheep in a tenement-house yard on the basis of the Homeric tradition, can be made to see the effect of the improvised shambles on his neighbors' health and the right of the city to prohibit him, only as he perceives the development of city government upon its most modern basis.

The enforcement of adequate child-labor laws offers unending opportunity for better citizenship, founded not upon theory but on action. An Italian or Bohemian parent who has worked in the fields from babyhood finds it difficult to understand that the long and monotonous work in factories in which his child engages is much more exigent than the intermittent outdoor labor required from him; that the need for education for his child is a matter of vital importance to his adopted city, which has enacted definite, well-considered legislation in regard to it. Some of the most enthusiastic supporters of child-labor legislation and compulsory-education laws are those parents who sacrifice old-world tradition, as well as the much-needed earnings of their young children because of loyality to the laws of their adopted country. Certainly genuine sacrifice for the nation's law is a good foundation for patriotism, and as this again is not a doctrinaire question, women are not debarred, and mothers who wash and scrub for the meager support of their children say sturdily sometimes, "It will be a year before he can go to work without breaking the law, but we came to this country to give the young ones a chance and we are not going to begin by having them do what's not right."

Upon some such basis as this the Hebrew Alliance and the Charity Organization Society of New York which are putting forth desperate energy in the enormous task of ministering to the suffering which immigration entails, are developing understanding and respect for the alien through their mutual efforts to secure more adequate tenement-house regulation, and to control the spread of tuberculosis, both of these undertakings being perfectly hopeless without the intelligent co-operation of the immigrants themselves. Through such humble doors as these perchance the immigrant may enter into his heritage in a new nation. Democratic government has always been the result of spiritual travail and moral effort; apparently even here the immigrant must pay the cost.

As we fail to begin with his experience in the induction of the adult immigrant into practical citizenship, so we assume in our formal attempts to teach patriotism, that experience and traditions have no value, and that a new sentiment must be put into aliens by some external process. Some years ago a public-spirited organization engaged a number of speakers to go to the various city schools in order to instruct the children in the significance of Decoration Day and to foster patriotism among the foreign-born, by descriptions of the Civil War. In one of the schools filled with Italian children, an old soldier, a veteran in years and experience, gave a description of a battle in Tennessee, and his personal adventures in using a pile of brush as an ambuscade and a fortification. Coming from the schoolhouse an eager young Italian broke out with characteristic vividness into a description of his father's campaigning under the leadership of Garibaldi, possibly from some obscure notion that that too was a civil war fought from principle, but more likely because the description of one battle had roused in his mind the memory of another such description. The lecturer, whose sympathies happened to be on the side of the Garibaldian conflict, somewhat sharply told him that he must forget all that, that he was no longer an Italian, but an American. The natural growth of patriotism upon respect for the achievements of one's fathers, the bringing together of the past with the present, the pointing out of the almost world-wide effort at a higher standard of political freedom which swept over all Europe and America between 1848 and 1872 could, of course, have no place in the boy's mind, because it had none in the mind of the instructor, whose patriotism apparently tried to purify itself by the American process of elimination.

How far a certain cosmopolitan humanitarianism ignoring national differences is either possible or desirable, it is difficult to state; but certain it is that the old type of patriotism founded upon a common national history and land occupation becomes to many of the immigrants who bring it with them, a veritable stumbling block and impedimenta. Many Greeks whom I know are fairly besotted with a consciousness of their national importance, and the achievements of their glorious past. Among them the usual effort to found a new patriotism upon American history is often an absurd undertaking; for instance, on the night of last Thanksgiving, I spent some time and zeal in a description of the Pilgrim Fathers, the motives which had driven them across the sea, while the experiences of the Plymouth colony were illustrated by stereopticon slides and little dramatic scenes. The audience of Greeks listened respectfully, although I was uneasily conscious of the somewhat feeble attempt to boast of Anglo-Saxon achievement in hardihood and privation to men whose powers of admiration were absorbed in their Greek background of philosophy and beauty. At any rate, after the lecture was over, one of the Greeks said to me quite simply: "I wish I could describe my ancestors to you; they were different from yours." His further remarks were translated by a little Irish boy of eleven who speaks modern Greek with facility and turns many an honest penny by translating, into the somewhat pert statement: "He says if that is what your ancestors are like, that his could beat them out." It is a good illustration of our faculty for ignoring the past, and of our failure to understand the immigrant estimation of ourselves. This lack of a more cosmopolitan standard, of a consciousness of kind founded upon creative imagination and historic knowledge, is evident in many directions, and cruelly widens the gulf between immigrant fathers and children who are "Americans in process."

A hideous story comes from New York of a young Russian Jewess who was employed as a stenographer in a down-town office, where she became engaged to be married to a young man of Jewish-American parentage. She felt keenly the difference between him and her newly immigrated parents, and on the night when he was to be presented to them, she went home early to make every possible preparation for his coming. Her efforts to make the menage presentable were so discouraging, the whole situation filled her with such chagrin, that an hour before his expected arrival she ended her own life. Although the father was a Talmud scholar of standing in his native Russian town, and the lover was a clerk of very superficial attainment, she possessed

no standard by which to judge the two men. This lack of standard can be charged to the entire community, for why should we expect an untrained girl to be able to do for herself what the community so pitifully fails to accomplish?

As scholarship in the first half of the nineteenth century saved literature from a futile romanticism and transformed its entire method by the perception that "the human is not of necessity the cultivated, the human is the wide-spread, the ancient in speech or in behavior, it is the deep, the emotional, the thing much loved by many men, the poetical, the organic, the vital, in civilization," so I would ask the scholarship of this dawning century to save its contemporaries from materialism by revealing to us the inherent charm and resource of the humblest men. Equipped as it is with the training and the "unspecialized cell" of evolutionary science this ought not to prove an impossible task. The scholar has already pointed out to us the sweetness and charm which inhere in primitive domestic customs and show us the curious pivot they make for religious and tribal beliefs, until the simple action of women grinding millet or corn becomes almost overladen with penetrating reminiscence, sweeter than the chant they sing. Something of the same quality may be found among many of the immigrants; when one stumbles upon an old Italian peasant with her distaff against her withered face and her pathetic old hands patiently holding the thread, as has been done by myriads of women since children needed to be clad; or an old German potter, misshapen by years, but his sensitive hands fairly alive with skill and delicacy, and his life at least illumined with the artist's prerogative of direct creation, one wishes that the scholar might be induced to go man hunting into these curious human groups called newly arrived immigrants! Could we take these primitive habits as they are to be found in American cities every day, and give them their significance and place, they would be a wonderful factor for poesy in cities frankly given over to industrialism, and candidly refusing to read poetry which has no connection with its aims and activities. As a McAndrews' hymn may express the frantic rush of the industrial river, so these could give us something of the mysticism and charm of the industrial springs, a suggestion of source, a touch of the refinement which adheres to simple things. The study of origins, of survivals, of paths of least resistance refining an industrial age through the people and experiences which really belong to it and do not need to be brought in from the outside, surely affords an opening for scholarship.

The present lack of understanding, the dearth of the illumination which knowledge gives can be traced not only in the social and political maladjustment of the immigrant, but is felt in so-called "practical affairs" of national magnitude. Regret is many times expressed that notwithstanding the fact that nine out of every ten immigrants are of rural birth, that they all tend to congregate in cities where their inherited and elaborate knowledge of agricultural processes is unutilized, although they are fitted to undertake the painstaking method which American farmers despise. But it is characteristic of American complacency that when any assisted removal to agricultural regions is contemplated, that we utterly ignore their past experiences and always assume that each family will be content to live in the middle of its own piece of ground, although there are few peoples on the face of the earth who have ever tried isolating a family on 160 acres or on 80, or even on 40; but this is the American way, a survival of our pioneer days, and we refuse to modify it, notwithstanding the fact that the South Italians from the day of mediaeval incursions have lived in compact villages with an intense and elaborate social life, so much of it out of doors and interdependent that it has affected almost every domestic habit. Italian women knead their own bread, but depend on the village oven for its baking, and the men would rather walk for miles to their fields each day than to face an evening of companionship limited to the family. Nothing could afford a better check to the constant removal to the cities of the farming population all over the United States, than to be able to combine community life with agricultural occupation, affording that development of civilization which curiously enough density alone brings and for which even a free system of rural delivery is not an adequate substitute. Much of the significance and charm of rural life in South Italy lies in its village companionship, quite as the dreariness of the American farm life inheres in its unnecessary solitude. But we totally disregard the solution which the old agricultural community offers, and our utter lack of adaptability has something to do with the fact that the South Italian remains in the city where he soon forgets his cunning in regard to silk worms and olive trees, but continues his old social habits to the extent of filling an entire tenement-house with the people from one village.

We also exhibit all the Anglo-Saxon distrust of any experiment with land tenure or method of taxation, although the single-tax advocates in our midst do not fail to tell us daily of the stupidity of the present arrangement, and it might be well to make a few experiments upon a historic basis before their enthusiasm converts us all. The Slavic village, the mir system of land occupation, has been in successful operation for centuries in Russia, training men within its narrow limits to community administration; and yet when a persecuted sect from Russia wishes to find refuge in America—and naturally 7,000 people cannot give up all at once, even if it were desirable, a system of land ownership in which they are expert and which is singularly like that in vogue in Palestine during its period of highest prosperity—we cannot receive them in the United States because our laws have no way of dealing with such a case. And in Canada, where they are finally settled, the unimaginative dominion officials are driven to the verge of distraction concerning registration of deeds and the collection of taxes from men who do not claim acres in their own names, but in the name of the village. The official distraction is reflected and intensified among the people themselves to the point of driving them into the mediaeval "marching mania," in the hope of finding a land in the south where they may carry out their inoffensive mir system. The entire situation might prove that an unbending theory of individualism may become as fixed as status itself. There are certainly other factors in the Doukhobor situation of religious bigotry and of the self-seeking of leadership, but in spite of the fact that the Canadian officials have in other matters exhibited much adaptability which distinguishes the British colonial policy, they are completely stranded on the rock of Anglo-Saxon individualistic ownership, and assume that any other system of land tenure is subversive of government, although Russia manages to exert a fair amount of governmental control over thousands of acres held under the system which they detest.

In our eagerness to reproach the immigrant for

not going upon the land, we almost overlook the contributions to city life which those of them who were adapted to it in Europe are making to our cities here. From dingy little eating-houses in lower New York, performing a function somewhat between the eighteenth-century coffee-house and the Parisian cafe, is issuing at the present moment perhaps the sturdiest realistic drama that is being produced on American soil. Late into the night speculation is carried forward, not on the nice questions of the Talmud and quibbles of logic, but minds long trained on these seriously discuss the need of readjustment of the industrial machine that the primitive sense of justice and righteousness may secure larger play in our social organization. And yet a Russian in Chicago who used to believe that Americans cared first and foremost for political liberty, and would certainly admire those who had suffered in its cause, finds no one interested in his story of six years' banishment beyond the Antarctic circle, and is really listened to only when he tells to a sportsman the tale of the fish he caught during the six weeks of summer when the rivers were open. "Lively work then, but plenty of time to eat them dried and frozen through the rest of the year," is the most sympathetic comment he has yet received upon an experience which at least to him held the bitter-sweet of martyrdom.

Among the colonies of the most recently immigrated Jews who still carry out their orthodox customs and a ritual preserved through centuries in the Ghetto, one constantly feels, during a season of religious observance, a refreshing insistence upon the reality of the inner life, and the dignity of its expression in inherited form. Perhaps the most striking reproach to the materialism of Chicago is the sight of a Chicago River bridge lined with men and women on one day in the year, oblivious of the noisy traffic and sordid surroundings, casting their sins upon the waters that they may be carried far from them. That obsession which Chicago sometimes makes upon one's mind, so that one is almost driven to go out upon the street fairly shouting that, after all, life does not consist in wealth, in learning, in enterprise, in energy, in success, not even in that modern fetich, culture, but in an inner equilibrium, "the agreement of soul," is here for once plainly stated, and is a relief even in its exaggeration and grotesqueness.

The charge that recent immigration threatens to debase the American standard of living is certainly a grave one, but I would invite the scholar even into that sterner region which we are accustomed to regard as purely industrial. At first glance nothing seems farther from an intellectual proposition than this question of tin cups and plates stored in a bunk, versus a white cloth and a cottage table; and yet, curiously enough, an English writer has recently cited "standards of life" as an illustration of the fact that it is ideas which mold the lives of men, and states that around the deeply significant idea of the standard of life center our industrial problems of today, and that this idea forms the base of all the forward movements of the working class. The significance of the standard of life lies, not so much in the fact that for each of us it is different, but that for all of us it is progressive, constantly invading new realms. To imagine that all goes well if sewing-machines and cottage organs reach the first generation of immigrants, fashionable dressmakers and pianos the second, is of course the most untutored interpretation of it. And yet it is a question of food and shelter, and further of the maintenance of industrial efficiency and of life itself to thousands of men; and this gigantic task of standardizing successive nations of immigrants falls upon workmen who lose all if they fail.

Curiously enough, however, as soon as the immigrant situation is frankly regarded as an industrial one, the really political nature of the essentially industrial situation is revealed in the fact that trade organizations which openly concern themselves with the immigration problem on its industrial side quickly take on the paraphernalia and machinery which have hitherto associated themselves with governmental life and control. The trades unions have worked out all over again local autonomy with central councils and national representative bodies and the use of the referendum vote. They also exhibit many features of political corruption and manipulation, but they still contain the purifying power of reality, for the trades unions are engaed in a desperate struggle to maintain a standard wage against the constant arrival of unskilled immigrants at the rate of three-quarters of a million a year, at the very period when the elaboration of machinery permits the largest use of unskilled men. The first real lesson in self-government to many immigrants has come through the organization of labor unions, and it could come in no other way, for the union alone has appealed to their necessities. And out of these primal necessities one sees the first indication of an idealism of which one at moments dares to hope that it may be sturdy enough and sufficiently founded upon experience to make some impression upon the tremendous immigration situation.

To illustrate from the Stock Yards strike of last summer, may I quote from a study made from the University of Wisconsin:

> Perhaps the fact of greatest social significance is that the strike of 1904 was not merely a strike of skilled labor for the unskilled, but was a strike of Americanized Irish, Germans, and Bohemians, in behalf of Slovaks, Poles, and Lithuanians. . . . . This substitution of races in the Stock Yards has been a continuing process for twenty years. The older nationalities have already disappeared from the unskilled occupations, and the substitution has evidently run along the line of lower standard of living. The latest arrivals, the Lithuanians and Slovaks, are probably the most oppressed of the peasants of Europe.

Those who attended the crowded meetings of last summer and heard the same address successively translated by interpreters into six or eight languages, who saw the respect shown to the most uncouth of the speakers by the skilled American men who represented a distinctly superior standard of life and thought, could never doubt the power of the labor organization for amalgamation, whatever opinion they might hold concerning their other values. This may be said in spite of the fact that great industrial disturbances have arisen from the undercutting of wages by the lowering of racial standard. Certainly the most notable of these have taken place in those industries and at those places in which the importation of immigrants has been deliberately fostered as a wage-lowering weapon, and even in those disturbances, and under the shock and strain of a long strike, disintegration did not come along the line of race cleavage.

It may further be contended that this remarkable coming together has been the result of economic pressure, and is without merit or idealism; that the trades union record on Chinese exclusion and negro discrimination has been damaging; and yet I would quote from a study of the anthracite coal fields, made from the University of Pennsylvania:

> The United Mine Workers of America in taking men of a

score of nationalities—English-speaking and Slav-men of widely different creeds, languages, and customs, and of varying powers of industrial competition, and is welding them into an industrial brotherhood, each part of which can at least understand of the others that they are working for one great and common end. This bond of unionism is stronger than one can readily imagine who has not seen its mysterious workings or who has not been a victim of its members' newly found enthusiasm. It is today the strongest tie that can bind together 147,000 mine workers and the thousands dependent upon them. It is more than religion, more than the social ties which hold together members of the same community.

This is from a careful study by Mr. Warne, which doubtless many of you know, called "The Slav Invasion."

It was during a remarkable struggle on the part of this amalgamation of men from all countries that the United States government, in spite of itself, was driven to take a hand in an industrial situation, owing to the long strain and the intolerable suffering entailed upon the whole country; but even then public opinion was too aroused, too moralized, to be patient with an investigation of the mere commercial questions of tonnage and freight rates with their political implications, and insisted that the national commission should consider the human aspects of the case. Columns of newspapers and days of investigation were given to the discussion of the deeds of violence, having nothing to do with the original demands of the strikers, and entering only into the value set upon human life by each of the contesting parties. Did the union encourage violence against non-union men, or did it really do everything to suppress it, living up to its creed which was to maintain a standard of living that families might be properly housed and fed and protected from debilitating toil and disease, that children might be nurtured into American citizenship? Did the operators protect their men as far as possible from mine damp, from length of hours proven by experience to be exhausting? Did they pay a sufficient wage to the mine laborer to allow him to send his children to school? Questions such as these, a study of the human problem, invaded the commission day after day during its sitting. One felt for the moment the first wave of a rising tide of humanitarianism, until the normal ideals of the laborer to secure food and shelter for his family, a security for his old age, and a larger opportunity for his children, became the ideals of democratic gocernment.

It may be owing to the fact that the workingman is brought in direct contact with the situation as a desperate problem of living wage or starvation; it may be that wisdom is at her old trick of residing in the hearts of the simple, or that this new idealism, which is that of a reasonable life and labor, must from the very nature of things proceed from those who labor; or possibly because amelioration arises whence it is so sorely needed; but certainly it is true that, while the rest of the country talks of assimilation as if we were a huge digestive apparatus, the man with whom the immigrant has come most sharply into competition has been forced into fraternal relations with him.

All the peoples of the world have become part of our tribunal, and their sense of pity, their clamor for personal kindness, their insistence upon the right to join in our progress, cannot be disregarded. The burdens and sorrows of men have unexpectedly become intelligent and urgent to this nation, and it is only by accepting them with some magnanimity that we can develop the larger sense of justice which is becoming world-wide and is lying in ambush, as it were, to manifest itself in governmental relations. Men of all nations are determining upon the abolition of degrading poverty, disease, and intellectual weakness, with their resulting industrial inefficiency. This manifests itself in labor legislation in England, in the Imperial Sick and Old-Age Insurance Acts of Germany, in the enormous system of public education in the United States.

To be afraid of it is to lose what we have. A government has always received feeble support from its constituents as soon as its demands appeared childish or remote. Citizens inevitably neglect or abandon civic duty when it no longer embodies their genuine desires. It is useless to hypnotize ourselves by unreal talk of colonial ideal and patriotic duty toward immigrants as if it were a question of passing a set of resolutions. The nation must be saved by its lovers, by the patriots who possess adequate and contemporaneous knowledge. A commingling of radical habits and national characteristics in the end must rest upon the voluntary balance and concord of many forces.

We may with justice demand from the scholar the philosophic statement, the reconstruction and reorganization of the knowledge which he possesses, only if we agree to make it over into healthy and direct expressions of free living.

THE STUDY TABLE.

Notes.

Lying on my table again, from Scribners, I find "A Garden of Simples,"—one of the most delightful books I ever handled. It came out first in 1900; and there ought to be a new edition every year.

Review of Reviews Company is about to publish "The Country Calendar"; one more effort to grapple with the great agricultural problem, and try to give us a journal that comprehends the fact that agriculture has come to the front.

The *Arena* for January has two or three exceedingly important articles. The one on Postal Savings Banks, of Great Britain, is of the greatest value to those who wish to encourage saving habits among laborers. Five thousand millions of dollars are in Government-protected savings banks in Europe. The United States must paddle along behind the rest of civilization, without postal savings banks, without postal parcel service, and without a good many other reasonable things —taking it out in bragging. A study of Pennsylvania politics will be found of immense value for those who love freedom and honesty. The article is entitled Forty Years in the Wilderness. There are evidences that we are very near the end of a reign of corruption. Let the scoundrels understand that every dog has his day; but he also has his last day.

I think I made one note of The Story of New Zealand, by Prof. Frank Parsons; and published by C. F. Taylor, 1520 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. I do not see how anyone who is trying to keep up with the economic and political questions of the day can get along without this book. It is large, and contains as much as you would generally get in a Cyclopedia. It is superbly illustrated, and it is as readable as a novel. The whole political, industrial and social development of the object-lesson among the nations—New Zealand, is given; with a study of coöperation; Referendum; Government Life Insurance; National Coal Mines, etc., etc. There is a short chapter on Forestry, and another on the Struggle for the Soil. Postal Savings Banks are heard from. I recommend the volume in terms as strong as the English language will afford me.

E. P. Powell.

THE HOME.

ALL CONTRIBUTIONS FOR THIS DEPARTMENT SHOULD BE SENT TO MRS. WILLIAM KENT, 5112 KIMBARK AVENUE, CHICAGO.

Helps to High Living.

Sun.—Even to fools who visit us as guests
Due hospitality should be displayed:
The tree screens with its leaves the man who fells it.

Mon.—Two persons will hereafter be exalted
Above the heavens—the man with boundless power
Who yet forbears to use it indiscreetly,
And he who is not rich and yet can give.

Tues.—Do naught to others which if done to thee
Would cause thee pain; this is the sum of duty.

Wed.—How can a man have knowledge yet repose?
Wouldst thou be learned then abandon ease.
Either give up thy knowledge or thy rest.

Thurs.—He who lets slip his opportunity
And turns not the occasion to account,
Though he may strive to execute his work
Finds not again the fitting time for action.

Fri.—Conquer a man who never gives by gifts,
Subdue untruthful men by truthfulness.

Sat.—Vanquish an angry man by gentleness,
And overcome the evil man by goodness.

—From the Maha-Bharata. Translated from the Sanscrit by Sir Monier Williams.

In the Neolithic Age.

In the Neolithic Age savage warfare did I wage
For fold and fame and two-toed horses' pelt;
I was singer to my clan in that dim, red Dawn of Man,
And I sang of all we fought and feared and felt.

Yea, I sang as now I sing, when the Prehistoric spring
Made the piled Biscayan ice-pack split and shove;
And the troll and gnome and dwerg, and the Gods of Cliff- and Berg
Were about me and beneath me and above.

But a rival of Solutré told my tribe my style was *outré*—
'Neath a tomahawk of dicrite he fell.
And I left my views on Art, barbed and tanged, beneath the heart
Of a mammothistic etcher at Grenelle.

Then I stripped them, scalp from skull, and my hunting dogs fed full,
And their teeth I threaded neatly on a thong;
And I wiped my mouth and said, "It is well that they are dead,
For I know my work is right and theirs was wrong."

But my Totem saw the shame; from his ridgepole shrine he came,
And he told me in a vision of the night:—
"There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,
And every single one of them is right!"

* * * * *

Then the silence closed upon me till They put new clothing on me
Of whiter, weaker flesh and bone more frail;
And I stepped beneath Time's finger once again a tribal singer
And a minor poet certified by Tr—ll.

Still they skirmish to and fro, men my messmates on the snow,
When we headed off the aurochs turn for turn;
When the rich Allobrogenses never kept amenuenses,
And our only plots were piled in lakes at Berne.

Still a cultured Christian age sees us scuffle, squeal and rage,
Still we pinch and slap and jabber—scratch and dirk;
Still we let our business slide—as we dropped the half-dressed hide—
To show a fellow-savage how to work.

Still the world is wondrous large,—seven seas from marge to marge,—
And it holds a nest of various kinds of man;
And the wildest dreams of Kew are the facts of Khatmandhu
And the crimes of Clapham chaste in Martaban.

Here's my wisdom for your use, as I learned it when the moose
And the reindeer roared where Paris roars tonight:—
There are nine and sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,
And—every—single—one—of—them—is—right!

—Rudyard Kipling. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Letters to Children.

To an Twelve-year-old Girl From an Older Brother,
Mishawaka, Feb. 26, 18—.

My dear Sue:

I have been a little lonely today, and just now, after supper, I grow dreamy and sentimental, I thought that, instead of obeying the church bells and going to hear the Baptists or the Presbyterians or the Methodists, I would write to you about a little yellow-haired girl that I left in Kansas. This little girl's name is Tiny and I suppose she is nine years old. Her father is John Phillip, and he keeps the chief store and postoffice. Her mother is red-haired and very homely and very good and kind to everybody.

Tiny is rather small for her age, I think. Her hair is light yellow—almost like the "Lassie with the lint-like locks," and her eyes are a grayish blue. She is a laughing little girl, but not with a silly giggle. Her laugh is like the slender song of the Song-Sparrow, which is just come back here for the spring. She plays and squabbles with all the little boys and girls, and sometimes pouts and sulks, but not long at a time, for sunshine belongs in her face and can't long be kept away. And every now and then as she stops in her play you can see some earnest little thought come over her face which makes it very charming to look at. If good singing is going on in the room she will leave everything to listen, and sometimes her tender little voice will join in the song. You can see the music run over her face and even her hand resting on my knee, is full of singing. She is a brave little girl, although so small and slight. One day, as I was driving her father home on the spring wagon, we met her on the road and I stopped to take her in. As she tried to climb up between the wheels, taking one of my hands, the mules, which were very lively, began to back, and my position was such that I could neither make the mules stop backing nor pull her in. There was danger every moment that she would get caught in the wheels but she hung tight to my hand, dangling there, until her father could get around to her and help her out of danger, and not the least sign of a squeal or cry came from her lips. Such grit in such a little thing is a fine sort of "multum in parvo."

Is it not strange what a difference there is among little girls in the way of sweetness? Do you know what it is that makes the difference? It all comes from the things they care about. Some of them are born with just heart and brains enough to think of pie and cake. They are good little machines and will do very well if kept well oiled. Sometimes they may be pretty and rather pleasant to look at, but all the real charm is in the little girls who think sometimes of other things. They are somehow so put together and tuned that they feel what is beautiful when it comes near them, and feast on that as well as on sugar plums. And these thoughts and feelings that come to them make all the charm. They do not need to talk of their thoughts, though this is always pleasant to hear if it is natural, but it shows out all over them, from eyes to finger ends. That is the way it is with Tiny. And that is why I think so fondly of her. And I like to tell you about her, because I know that you know what it is to think of things and care for them.

Your affectionate brother,

EDWIN.

Honesty first, then courage, then brains; and all are indispensible to make a good citizen.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

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THE FIELD.

"The World is my Country; to do good is my Religion."

The Call to Prayer.

The sunrise is a call to man,
With his awaking God to praise,
And see with joy the wondrous plan—
Unfolded in the passing days!

The heart responds in love to Love,
Such as in all the years is given,
A blessing seeks it from above—
Which is the sign and seal of heaven!

And duty of the living hour,
Is leading of God's spirit true;
It fills us with immortal power—
Our common tasks with grace to do!

And sunset is a call to prayer,
And rest in mercies sure and deep,
The love of God is everywhere,
And folds us in the arms of sleep!

William Brunton.

Foreign Notes.

Jap the Incomparable.—Under this caption *New India* throws some light on the exceedingly large percentage of recoveries among the wounded who have been sent back to Japan; cases too serious to be adequately treated in the field hospitals. It is said that not more than 3 per cent of those who have been given first aid by themselves or their expert comrades, have died. But besides this benefit of first aid, another important contributory cause of recovery should be noted. The Japanese make a practice of going into action with clean clothing whenever possible. If they can, they always don their best clothes for a fight, and, at all events, keep their underclothing cleansed, the consequence being that if it is carried into a wound it is more antiseptic than older clothing. Referring to this practice, a Japanese officer well and truly observed: "We fight like gentlemen and die like gentlemen, and therefore we choose to dress like gentlemen."

Rev. Clay Maccauley, formerly Unitarian missionary to Japan, gave in a recent issue of the *Christian Register* some interesting excerpts from a letter from a correspondent in Japan, on the "Present mood of the Japanese."

Few persons, he says, outside of Japan understand how intensely earnest, indeed how religiously devoted the nation is in its present crisis. There is no boasting or bravado abroad there, rather does quiet conservatism dominate. Considering everything, the struggle has resulted in the spiritual exaltation of the Japanese people. More welcome to them than the world's applause now is the just judgment of the nations.

Then quoting from the writer of the letter: "This is a different Japan. One feels the difference in the very air. Under a most calm exterior all is patriotism and great excitement. In spite of the horrors of war and the loss to so many of their dear ones, the people have a proud and happy look that was never here since I came. They seem to have gone back to the days of *Samurai* and *Daimyo*. Some of the soldiers have taken to the front the swords of their great-grandfathers. I know that you would enjoy being in Tokyo as never before."

The same correspondent says further: "I have seen many of the sick and wounded on the trains lately. You never saw a healthier looking lot of sick people. They were fat and looked as happy as possible, though minus legs, arms and eyes. They are most wonderfully cared for, and do not have fever after their wounds as other people do. Some say that it is because they do not eat much meat. It has been learned that they got on better on their own rice diet than on meat rations."

New India also quotes from an American physician and surgeon to the effect that Japan can give many points to the civilized world regarding the organization, equipment and service of army medical corps at the front. This authority—whom it designates both as Dr. Louis Seam and Dr. Louis Seaman—narrated the result of his personal experiences and observation to the International Congress of Military Surgeons held at the St. Louis Exposition.

America, he said, made the vital mistake of not sending experts to study the Japanese medical department, from which all nations could learn useful lessons. The most formidable foe in war was not the army invader, but preventable disease, a fact which the Japanese were the first nation in the world to recognize. Long before the outbreak of hostilities a medical officer was with the advance agents of the army testing provisions for the troops that were to follow. He was omnipresent. Careful supervision of clothing and shelter was the medical man's most important duty. He accompanied the first screen of the scouts, testing the wells with his microscope and chemicals, so that the army to follow should not drink contaminated water. A medical officer also accompanied foraging parties, sampling the food, fruits and vegetables sold by natives along the line of march long before the arrival of the army. There was a medical officer also in the camps lecturing to the men on hygiene and sanitation.

As a result of all these precautions, the Japanese medical men are not now found treating thousands of cases of intestinal diseases and fevers that follow improper subsistence and neglected sanitation, which have brought more campaigns to a disastrous termination than the strategy of opposing generals or the bullets of their followers. The doctor declared that the loss from preventable disease in the first six months of the conflict would be but a fraction of 1 per cent, and contrasted the result with our losses during the Spanish-American war, where the mortality from preventable disease reached 70 per cent.

Dr. Senn drew a contrast also between Japan with her medical men bending all their energies to preparation for alleviating the horrors of war and Russia's plan of sending trains that should have been crowded with men and munitions of war, each with a full complement of disreputable women and vodka.

Truly this war, terrible as it is, is a revealer of many points of national character and ideals which cannot be without wide influence on the world at large. M. E. H.

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